The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 722.] SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1835. [Price 2*d*.

QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING, AND PATTERNS.

FROM THE COINS, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(*To the Editor.*)

Probably, of all the common errors extant, which have been universally received as matter of fact in every part of England and its colonies, there is no one which has made more dupes than that relative to the Farthing of Queen Anne. Should you possess a small collection of medals, the first question from your visitant is, "Have you a farthing of Queen Anne?" If you answer in the affirmative, he is ready for you, armed at all points, with the old story:—"Why, there never were but three; the Museum has two of them, and would give a large sum for the third!" Such nonsense as this, and other stories equally absurd, have gained credit, and caused no little mischief. Certainly, Anne's farthings are not so common as others; but you will find there are no less than six distinct varieties of them. Only one sort, those of the year 1714, No. 6, were struck for common currency; nevertheless, of these there must have been from 300 to 500 issued, as they are by no means rare. The others were patterns, and were never used but as medals; as, from some reason not now to be explained, they were not struck for currency. With your permission, I will describe them from casts taken from the real coins in the British Museum. (See the above Engraving.)

No. 1. *Obverse.* An exquisite bust of the Queen; her hair encircled with a string of pearls; the inscription, "Anna Augusta."—*Reverse.* A figure of Peace erect in a bigated car, holding in the right hand an olive branch, in the left a wand; the inscription, "Pax missa per orbem;" in the exergue this date, "1713."

2. *Obv.* The bust the same; inscription, "Anna Dei Gratia."—*Rev.* The figure of Britannia under a portico, seated on a globe, with shield, &c.; her right leg bare; the olive, as usual, in the right hand; her left supports a spear; inscription, "Britannia;" in the exergue, the date, "1713."

3. *Obv.* Bust as the preceding; inscrip-

RM. 1x - 136.

tion the same.—*Rev.* The figure of Britannia the same as No. 2, but without the porch; the date immediately follows the word "Britannia," instead of being, as usual, in the exergue.

4. *Obv.* Bust of the Queen with band, instead of pearls, in the hair; inscription as the last.—*Rev.* The figure of Britannia standing, very like Minerva, wearing a helmet; an olive branch in the right hand; a spear in the left; inscription, "Bello et Pace;" date in the exergue, "1713." There is a peculiarity attached to this very rare pattern—that of the letters being sunk or cut in, instead of prominent. A specimen has but recently been added to the Museum; the Trustees having purchased it of a countryman who occasionally calls on me with coins. The defective state of the specimen is to be regretted, as only two more of this variety are known.

5. *Obv.* Bust of the Queen as the three first; inscription, "Anna Regina."—*Rev.* The figure of Britannia very different from the former coins: we here observe her as on the copper currency of her immediate successors: she is seated on a globe, with the olive and spear as before; inscription, "Britannia;" date in the exergue, "1714."

6. *Obv.* Bust as before; inscription, "Anna Dei Gratia."—*Rev.* The figure of Britannia as the last; inscription the same.

There are two other varieties, if such they can be called; one, in the Museum, similar to No. 3, but different in the milling; the other variety, which does not appear to be in the Museum collection, is the common farthing, No. 6, but struck with a broad rim.*

The above coins were executed by that eminent artist, Croker. We find very few of modern date that can compete with them in beauty: amongst those few, we would name the exquisite specimens produced by W. Wyon and Merlin, of George IV. and his present Majesty: but you must procure the proofs, as the coins issued for currency are not generally well struck up, which is to be regretted; and medallists lament that want of high relief which we find in those brilliant gems of art now numbering over their heads upwards of two thousand years; of the Macedonian kings, in gold; the Syrian regal coins, in silver; and the civic of Athens, Syracuse, &c. Those of Athens are less beautiful in workmanship, but of the highest relief. This, at that early age, is surprising; but, at the present stage of coinage, it is considered unnecessary and expensive.

Reverting to Anne's Farthings, you should notice that No. 1 is very rare, and generally brings from two guineas to 3*l.* The same may be said of No. 2. No. 3 is not very rare, and may be worth from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 10*s.* No. 4, as already shown, is of extreme rarity, and would bring, if fine, from 5*l.* to 10*l.*, or probably more. No. 5 is rather scarce, and worth from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 10*s.* We now come to No. 6, the real farthing of Anne, that certainly was struck for common currency, and was, doubtless, for a short time, passed; until hoarded for its beauty and peculiarity, it being the only copper coin of Anne's reign, excepting the halfpence, which are all patterns, and never were circulated. I have seen no less than thirty-eight of these farthings at one time; and I count, in my own cabinets, eighteen. They generally sell from 7*s.* to 12*s.*; or, if extremely fine, may be worth a guinea. That with the broad rim of the same date and type, is but a degree scarcer.

It may be well to describe a small medal, or counter, if you please, of Queen Anne, of which there are hundreds. It is of brass, about the size of a farthing, but thinner; on the head side is an indifferent bust of the Queen; on the reverse are the arms of England in the shape of a cross: sometimes it is plain, but frequently found with roses between the shields; it is generally badly executed. A person once procured one of these, which he placed in his window as the real farthing of Queen Anne. Credulous persons, far and near, came to view this great "curiosity;" and as the owner kept a public house, he probably turned his deception to good account; for deception it was, as one of the first medallists of the age appointed a meeting with this man, and exhibiting a real, but common, farthing of Anne, attempted to convince him; but the hoax was too profitable to be relinquished. Some years since, a person in Ireland received twelve months imprisonment for secreting one of these farthings. He was shopman to a confectioner in Dublin, and having taken the farthing in business, he substituted a common one for it; but not keeping his own council, and offering it for sale, his master demanded the treasure as his property; the shopman refused to give it up, was brought into the Recorder's Court, and there received the above sentence.

Other instances may be adduced which would uphold this fallacy: many have been brought to me; some casts, and others genuine coins, for which large sums have been offered, which will not, in despite of fact, add to their value, except with those whose trade is to deceive. Some few years ago, a poor labourer and his wife came toiling on foot from Yorkshire to London, with one of the before-named brass counters, in the hope of making their fortune by it, and judge their disappointment on finding it entirely worthless. A worthy magistrate with whom I have the honour to be

* The pattern farthings of Anne, are met with in fine gold and silver, as well as in bronze.

acquainted, relates in the *Times* of 26th September, 1826, the circumstance of another poor man coming from Bedfordshire, with a real but common farthing of Anne, for the same purpose. It is to be regretted that these are not, by hundreds, the only instances that may be offered; for, to use the words of the late learned Custodier of the Medals in the British Museum, Taylor Comb, Esq., his residence there was besieged by applicants from all parts, who brought their farthings, and imitations of them, for sale. Of course, as a dealer in coins, I come in for a share of the annoyance.

It would be curious to trace from what source this fable originally sprang: this I have attempted by inquiries from one of my own profession, a gentleman whose long, practical knowledge in numismatics is unequalled. He states that, many years since, a lady of Yorkshire, having lost one of these farthings, offered a large reward for the same, being probably to her, valuable as a relic from some departed friend; and by this accident, an erroneous and imaginary value first became attached to Queen Anne's Farthings. W. Till.

Great Russell-st., Covent-Garden.

SONNET TO THE CUCKOO.

"Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird *with two;*
Tune now sweet their mellow throats."
Cunningham.

Hail, rustic herald of the laughing Spring,
Whose doubling note from yonder bloomy spray,
Borne on the pleasant breathing Zephyr's wing,
Bespeaks the glad approach of fragrant May;
O! how I love in some lone scene to stray,
And hear thee, blithesome bird, thy wild note sing
A "farewell sweet" to Titan's sinking ray.
Answering, perhaps, some "dove dove's" murmuring,
While dale and thicket with wild music ring.
But, ah! how short, how transient is thy lay,
For scarce does Summer spread her ripen'd store
On Earth's brown lap, but thou dost flee away
To distant climes, nor e'er art heard of more;
Till Spring again surmounting Winter's glooms,
Wak'd by thy flute-like voice, Earth's empire glad resumes. Enort.

THE LOTTERY OF LIFE.

If a lottery were drawn daily, Sundays not excepted, in which every man, woman, and child within the bills of mortality held a ticket, and this lottery contained 78 prizes, which were every day turned up, there is not one of us who would not think ourselves, after several years of daily expectation, to be what is called downright unlucky, if we should not get a prize. An old man of 70 would have had 25,550 tickets or chances, and during his time no less than 1,992,900 prizes would have been distributed; yet, if no prize had fallen to his lot, he would rave with despair, and think himself the most unlucky of men.—But, so it is with Death! There are upwards of 78 who daily drop away from this London bustle. It is the gorge with which old Time, from this city, appeases his daily appetite: and yet how little do we think of the 78 who daily die so immediately around us!—This is Death's Lottery—Death's round game of fright, when touching or drawing the doomed card, puts an end to all our agitation and to all our hopes.

In 1832, we find that 14,280 males and 14,326 females were buried within the Bills of Mortality: out of this number, 4,499 died of consumption; a greater scourge than the cholera morbus, which carried off 3,200: old age and debility come next, amounting to 2,948; then follows inflammation, 2,555; convulsions, the frequent end of children, 2,075; asthma, 1,050; dropsy, 978; fevers, 872; water on the brain, (so fatal to youth,) 858; small-pox, 771; hooping cough, 677; measles, 675; inflammation of the bowels, 604; and paralysis, 240: nor must we forget to include in this melancholy list 71 suicides.—Thus, we see that consumption carries off almost double the number of those who attain old age and die through debility; and consumption is a disease most frequently brought on by our own imprudence or excess, frequently shortening the days of the parent, and leaving his complaint as an hereditary curse upon his offspring.

The ages at which deaths occur are curious:—under two years, 5,443; from that age to 10 years, 3,948; from 10 to 40 years, 6,077; and from 40 to 60, the most fatal time, (excepting the days of infancy,) we find the numbers to be 6,127. Miles.

GRAY'S ODE TO SPRING.

Were Gilbert Wakefield alive, I should venture, in spite of my great veneration for his classical attainments, and his enthusiastic admiration of this popular lyric poet, to point out what I consider to be a very erroneous species of description in some of his delineations of the above Ode, particularly in that stanza which begins

"Still'd is the *toiling hand* of care,
The *panting herds* repose."

Surely, the above description would be more correctly applied to summer than to spring; or it seems to bear a still stronger affinity to autumn, when husbandmen are suspending their toil during the refreshment of a harvest dinner. The imagery of "panting herds," certainly does infer a great maturity of heat, such as may be supposed to accompany summer more than spring—in fact, Gray was a cockney, and he seems with all his superlative talent, to have penned this ode with a very inaccurate conception of the pleasing attributes which accompany the first season of the year. Enort.

THE LATE CHARLES LAMB.

Did this delightful writer ever prepare for the press, those papers appertaining to a continental tour which he speaks of in the correspondence of the *London Magazine*, as being busy then in arranging? To what part of the European *terra firma* did he go? if to Holland, how graphically would he have described the Dutchman, with a tread like his "Gentle Giantess," and his immovable attitude and silent puffs, over his pipe of Kynaston or Virginia. I know many anecdotes of this witty and open-hearted man:—If ever human being detested hypocrisy, Lamb did; if ever human being delighted to perform a generous action, reckless of worldly ostentation or public appreciation, from pure motives alone, it was the author of *Charles Woodville*. How pregnant with meaning are his delineations: for instance, in speaking of his erudite friend, George Dyer, the learned explorer of college and other libraries, he says, "I will have him bound in Russia;" who would not recognise the learned author of "The Privileges of the University of Cambridge," the moment he reads this flashing sentence. Mr. Moxon's tribute to the memory of his highly-valued friend is indited with true spirit of feeling and taste. Lamb was like a beam of sunshine on his threshold,—his nearest, his most intimate friend. ENORT.

Marlborough Terrace, Albany Road.

The Sketch Book.

THE GIANT OF THE SCHELDT.—A LEGEND.*

It was in a beautiful night of the year 54 before Christ—the sky clear, the air calm,—that a bark, a kind of raft planked with hurdles of osier, covered over with ox hides, dropped down gently with the ebbing of the Scheldt.

A voice was heard in the bark; a woman's voice, mild and sweet:—"Yes, Atvix," the voice said, "for thee I have passed the threshold of my father's abode, I have quitted the deep forests of Gaul, my native country: for thee have I quitted all, because I love thee, Atvix; thee and thy charming harp which sleeps in silence at thy side."

"O Fréga! since the day when thine eyes fixed their look upon mine, my harp has forgotten its tones, and my soul no longer recollects the songs breathed into it by Ogmius, when I adored him in the woods—Ogmius, god of the bards, incessantly surrounded by a crowd of men, who are linked by the ear to the chains of amber and gold proceeding from his mouth!"

The bark floated along.

On a sudden, the stream shudders and foams as if some water-monster were ascending to its surface; a rustling, a hollow breathing, like an autumnal wind moaning through the boughs of an aged forest, is heard; the water bubbles up nearer, and the breathing sounds stronger. Then, by the pale light of the moon, streaming through the fringed edge of a silver cloud, Atvix and Fréga with terror perceive approaching them—heaving up waves in his rapid step—a colossal giant. The water of the river rises up to his broad breast, forming around him a white and gushing belt of foam. A thick beard falls from his formidable face, and rough and black hairs cover his head. He appears like those isolated peaks which are sometimes seen to rise from the shores of the ocean, with their menacing tufts, and the end of whose long trailing herbage dips into the waves.

The bark suddenly stops, and creaks under the hand of the giant. A terrible bellowing issues from the depth of his chest, and then a voice throwing out these words with the noise of thunder:—"Ah! ah! my night passengers! you fancied that the eye of Antigon would be shut, so as to allow you to pass by in the shade! Where—where are the three bullocks to satisfy my hunger to-night?"

Fréga trembling, clasped closely to Atvix, who had silently drawn his long sword.

The giant resumed—"If you would speak to me, you must raise your shrill voices, my dwarfs, so that my ear may hear!"

"Have mercy upon us, if thou art the god of this river," replied Atvix; "and if thou art not a god, permit a poor bard of Ogmius to pass in peace, O terrible giant! permit him to pass in the name of the great Hésus, of Teutates, and of all the gods!"

"O! thou jestest, I think," said the giant, in a ferocious tone. "For my part, I laugh, seest thou, at Hésus and all thy gods. These gods of thine—hast thou ever seen them? And if thou hast seen them, is their figure bigger than yours—your whole fine race of abortions, an army of whom I could crush under my feet! Ah! thy gods, I should already have caught them in their heaven for my amusement of an evening on my desert strand,—or to make a repast of them,—if they had indeed been anything else than empty smoke!"

"Who then art thou," said Atvix, "thou who langhest at the gods?"

"Who am I!—I! Antigon! Ah! thou wishest to equivocate! equivocate with Antigon!—Yes, thou forgetest the tribute of bullocks thou owest me for the passage of my river, thou reckonedst to elude me under cover of the night, and even now thou attemptest to trick me like a child! ah! ah!"

The giant enveloped Atvix with his powerful hand, before the latter was able to stir.

* Referred to in the Description of Antwerp Cathedral, Mirror, vol. xiv. p. 287, and translated from *Le Camêléon*, May 2, by the ingenious writer of that sketch.

Fréga, who had continued motionless from terror, now threw herself upon her knees in the bark.

"Mercy, mercy for him, mercy for Atvix!" she exclaimed. "O mercy!—What harm can it do to thee—our passing down this river; feeble as we are, and unintentionally offending—he loving me, and I loving him? —Mercy!—Oh! heaven! is there no pity in thy soul?"

The giant interrupted her with a horrible sneer.

"Oh! my soul, sayst thou! my soul! Where hast thou learnt that I had a soul? who has seen a soul? Oh! I tell thee in truth that there is neither soul, nor gods, nor intelligence; no, nothing but matter—and hunger!"

As he finished, the giant pressed between two iron fingers the arm and hand of Atvix: the hand fell into the bark, with the sword which it held. A terrible cry was heard, with which he mingled his ferocious laughter.

The giant took up the bloody hand, and cast it into the stream.

Upon this, at the moment he was about to seize Fréga, bent double and without motion, Atvix, freed from the terrible grasp which had bound him, caught up with his remaining hand the fallen sword, and plunged it to the hilt in the arm of the giant.

A howl of pain was reverberated by the echoes of the two banks.

The moon shone out brilliant and clear from her bed of clouds, and her rays played upon the flood scarcely rippled by the air of a light breeze.—The bark no longer detained, went adrift; a shock aroused Fréga. She raised herself up with pain upon her knees, and saw, at some distance from her, a dreadful sight.

The giant furiously ground between his hands the body of Atvix.

Fréga, her face pale, her eye fixed, crawled to the very end of the bark. There she stretched out her neck, endeavouring to advance still farther, as if under the spell of an invincible attraction; for an instant she gazed, leaning forward, without a tear in her eyes, or a sigh in her bosom; the next, her arms folded over, and she rolled into the stream.

In one year after that night, the liberty of Gaul gasped beneath the foot of Cæsar. The strength, the courage, the efforts and heroic resistance of that great people, whose ancestors, in one of those adventurous incursions which they made through Europe, had *bivouacqued* upon the ruins of Rome, were at length broken against the fortune and genius of the conqueror. Belgium, that perpetual focus of revolt against oppression, was traversed by three Roman armies, their course lighted up by the flames of conflagration; and pontoons thrown across the Scheldt had just opened passages into the country of the Menapians.—One day, a cohort, detached from a legion of the vanguard, followed the borders of the river, directed, it is said, by a mysterious being. Twice the sun went down without seeing the party return. Some cavaliers of their friends then rushed forward upon their track, and at last stopped, about the middle of the night, before a strange spectacle.

Impetuous flames, blown about by the wind, were just completing the destruction of the base of a tower, which had defended a castle of colossal proportions. The ground, illuminated by the glimmering fire, and everywhere in confusion, was strewed with the dead bodies of Roman soldiers, with arms and ruins. In the midst, upon a heap of dead, lay, stretched out and motionless, covered with wounds and pierced with javelins, the immense body of a giant. One of his enormous arms, without a hand, poured from its horrible wound a stream of black blood upon the earth. A warrior was leaning down upon his head.

After a pause of some moments, the giant's eyes reopened; the warrior instantly stood erect, and removing from his pale and beautiful countenance his long flowing hair, his eyes suddenly animated with extraordinary brilliancy, he approached the ear of the monster, and burst out upon him with these words:—

"Antigon,—Antigon! it was needful to swell out the voice, was it not, that thine ear might hear? Well, then, hear mine, Antigon!—Oh! thou art not so dead but thou canst still comprehend, and recollect! It is but a year since, on a beautiful night—Verily, verily, thy wounds are large and bloody, and pleasant to behold!—Yes, a summer night, two lovers were passing down together there, upon this river.—Oh! thy den was not then lighted up, as it is to-night.—Two lovers, thou knowest! two lovers talking of love, their hearts moved with sweet thoughts.—See, see! let those standing by view the reflection of themselves in thy blood!—One of those lovers was a bard, a poor bard—oh! oh! thy dying eyes kindle up again.—Thou killedst *him*. And the other—but, ho! Antigon, where are thy terrible hands?—The other, that weak woman—thou hearest well! —*she* exists—and revenges him!"

A shivering convulsed the whole body of the giant, and a fearful rattling broke forth from his breast; his teeth chattered with a noise like the clashing of swords; his blood-stained eyes once more rolled in their orbits, and closed.—He was dead.

Fréga fell on her knees—and prayed.

Since that time, the hand-cutting giant has continued popular at Antwerp, and for ages the legend has there been transmitted down from generation to generation. It has

stamped itself on the physiognomy of the city. What are the arms of Antwerp? A castle surmounted by cut-off hands. What is the ornament of her *fêtes?* An immense pasteboard giant paraded through the streets in company with Amphitrite, a whale casting up water to the windows, a ship manned with sailors, sea-monsters, allegorical personages, and a crowd of Tritons, in the frolicsome dance. Indeed, it is not an episode borrowed from any narrations of the middle ages that I relate: it is but four months since the image of the giant was fixed on the walls of Antwerp, preparatory to one of those days of gaiety and jovial rejoicing; and workmen were occupied in repairing carefully the numerous damages perpetrated upon this singular monument of three centuries by certain irreverent rats, in spite of its martial mein and formidable stature.

And really, should it indeed be true that this tradition is only a fable, why, for such a trifle, wish to deprive a race of men of all that remains to them of the past—a remembrance? Why, when the gossipping grandmother, during some winter evening, is charming the credulous child with her long stories of various readings, why come screaming to her—"that is not true?" What then are the realities which are worth the attraction, the delightful and ineffable joy which attend these wonderful fables? And besides, let us take care, all these legends enfold types which it is impious to shatter; and each of them, too, as the veil covers the face, as the body hides the soul, contains under its rind, more or less transparent, a thought, a lesson, an instruction—nay, perhaps—a truth!—*Ernest Buschmann, Revue du Nord.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE RESTORATION OF CHARLES II.

Occasional records of circumstances anterior and subsequent to this important event in our history may be remembered in this Miscellany. These, however, are but few in comparison with the details and circumstantial narratives which have been handed down to our time; and the recurrence of twelve anniversaries of the Restoration Day—reminding us, by the way, how we proceed year by year, gathering and garnering, here a little and there a little, so as to allow no stay to the gratification of our readers. Thus, in vol. vii. will be found "The Flight of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester," from Clarendon and the King's Own Account; and in the same volume is an illustrated description of Boscobel and the Royal Oak. Notices of the King's faithful friend, (for kings often need a single friend,) likewise occur in subsequent volumes, viz. xiii. p. 419, xiv. p. 35, xix. p. 276, and xxi. p. 345, with engravings. These scattered notes will not induce us to withhold some very interesting details of the Restoration, as quoted by Mr. Brayley, in his *Londiniana*, from Pepys's *Diary* and other authorities. Pepys first gives us a lively picture of the popular festivities on the anticipation of the overthrow of the Rump Parliament; for, its final Dissolution did not take place until after these rejoicings:—

"In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires, and Bow Bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was every where to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar; and at Strand Bridge, I could, at one time, tell thirty-one fires. In King-street, seven or eight; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps; there being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the May-pole in the Strand, rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed, it was past imagination both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire and smoke, so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side."

It was after the Dissolution, and the appointment of Monck to be General of all the Forces in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Pepys had been spending the afternoon with the famous musicians, Locke and Purcell, in a room near the water, in the Coffee-house at Westminster Hall, and hearing a variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices, which Mr. Locke had lately made on these words, *Domine salvum fac Regem;* he mentions the continuance of the rejoicings in these words: "Here out of the window it was a most pleasant sight to see the City, from one end to the other with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and so thick round the City, and the bells rang everywhere."

Under the date of March 7th, Pepys writes:—"Every body now drinks the King's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private that a man dare do it. Monck, this day, is feasted at Mercers' Hall, and is invited, one after another, to all the twelve Halls in London. Many think that he is honest yet, and some or more think him to be a fool that would raise himself, but think that he will undo himself by endeavouring it." Again, on April 2nd, Pepys says, "This morning comes Mr. Edward Pickering, he tells me that the King will

come in, but that Monck did resolve to have the doing of it himself, or else to hinder it."

At this period, a very active yet secret correspondence was carried on with the exiled King, who had come to Breda for the purpose of taking advantage of contingencies. The nation was in a ferment; and any change was desirable that promised to restore it to that state of comparative tranquillity, which had been interrupted by the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the consequent struggle for supremacy between the Parliament and the Army. Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, (Pepys's cousin and patron,) and Monck, were voted Generals at Sea, and Pepys accompanied the former as secretary, in the fleet which brought home the King.

The King's letter from Breda was read in the House of Commons on the 1st of May, 1660; and on the same day, the Commons voted, that "all books whatever that are out against King, Lords, and Commons, should be brought into the House and burned." There was "great joy in London," Pepys states, (who was then with the fleet in the Downs, and of course, in this instance, wrote from the information of others,) "and at night more bonfires than ever, and ringing of bells, and drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets, which methinks is a little too much."

On the 3rd of May, Admiral Montagu, having received a copy of the King's Declaration from General Monck, summoned a Council of War on board his own ship, the Naseby, "and in the mean time did dictate to me," says Pepys, "how he would have the vote ordered which he would have pass this Council.' Several captains had been previously removed, who were regarded as inimical to the intended Restoration, so that when the Council met, the vote passed unanimously.

"Not one man," Pepys continues, "seemed to say no to it, though, I am confident, many in their hearts were against it. After this was done, I went up to the quarter-deck with my Lord, (Admiral Montagu,) and the Commanders, and then read both the papers and the vote; which done, and demanding their opinion, the seamen did all of them cry out, 'God bless King Charles,' with the greatest joy imaginable."

On the same day, Pepys went through the fleet to proclaim the King, and on his return, and acquainting his patron with the joyous reception he had experienced from every ship, Montagu, in a transport of joy, showed him private letters from the King and the Duke of York, "written to him in such familiar style as their common friend, with all kindness imaginable. And I found by the letters, and so my Lord told me too, that many letters had passed between them for a great while, and, I perceive, unknown to Monck. I perceive his being willing to do all the honour in the world to Monck, and to let him have all the honour of doing the business, though he will many times express his thoughts of him to be but a thick-skulled fool. So that I do believe there is some agreement more than ordinary between the King and my Lord to let Monck carry on the business; for it is he that can do the business, or, at least, can hinder it, if he be not flattered and observed: this my Lord will hint himself sometimes." Shortly afterwards, the Admiral received orders from the Council of Parliament to sail to the Hague, and bring over the King.

When the House of Commons voted the Restoration of the King, they also voted that 50,000*l*., "to be borrowed of the City," should be given to him for the supply of his immediate necessities. Part of that sum was carried over to the King by Sir John Grenville, who had brought his letter to the Parliament. How greatly the King stood in need of this supply, may be gathered from the followiug entry of Pepys, under the 17th of May:—

"This afternoon, Mr. Edward Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, their clothes not being worth forty shillings the best of them; and how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Grenville brought him some money—so joyful, that he called the Princess Royal, (Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I.,) and the Duke of York, to look upon it, as it lay in the portmanteau before it was taken out."

On the 21st of May, the King, with his suite, was received on board Admiral Montagu's ship, (the name of which, on the same day, he altered to the Charles,) amidst "infinite shooting off of guns;" and after dinner, the Fleet weighed anchor, and set sail for England.

"All the afternoon," Pepys says, "the King walked here and there, up and down, (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been,) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck, he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet that he could scarce stir: yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight

years, did know him, but kept it private; when, at the same table, was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was, by some servants of the house, made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place, at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing, with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand privately, saying that he would not ask who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from a footman and a boy, (which was all the King's company,) and so get to Feschamp, in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away to see whether he had not stole something or other."—On the same evening, Pepys heard some of the suite "talking of more of the King's difficulties; as how he was fain to eat a piece of bread and cheese out of a poor body's pocket, and how, at a Catholique house, he was fain to lie in the *Priest's hole* a good while in the house for his privacy."

The *Priest's hole*, in which Charles was secreted, was at the house of Mr. Thomas Whitgreave, near White Ladies, as may be gathered from an interesting narration of Mr. Whitgreave, published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lix. p. 593. He was conducted thither by Lord Wilmot and the Pendrells, to whose unshaken fidelity and good management the King's preservation was chiefly owing. The priest was Mr. Huddlestone, afterwards the well known Father Huddlestone, who administered the last rites of Catholicism to the King when on his deathbed.

Charles's landing on the 25th at Dover, is thus described by Pepys:—"The King and the two Dukes (of York and Gloucester) did eat their breakfast before they went, and there being set some ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but peas and pork, and boiled beef. Dr. Clerke, who eat with me, told me how the King had given 50*l.* to Mr. Shepley, for my Lord's servants, and 500*l.* among the officers and common men of the ship. Great expectation of the King's making some knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was then ready to carry him,) yet he (the King) would go in my Lord's barge with the two dukes. Our Captain steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr. Maunsell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monck with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of people, and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and gave him his white staffe, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him, from the town, a very rich Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monck and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover."

Two days afterwards, Admiral Montagu was invested with the George and Garter, on board his own ship, as General Monck had also been, at Canterbury, on the preceding day. The King entered London on his birthday, May the 29th; and "with him," says Evelyn, in his "Diary," under that date, "a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapistry, fountaines running with wine; the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chaines of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the City, even from 2 in the afternoone till 9 at night.

"I stood in the Strand and beheld it," continues Evelyn, "and blessed God."

Of the King's preservers, Nicholas Tettersell and Richard Pendrell, are the following particulars:—Tettersell was master of a small coal brig, with whom an agreement had been made to convey the King across the Channel. After his defeat at Worcester, Charles had been wandering about the country for for nearly six weeks, and was only preserved by the steady fidelity of his friends. On the evening of the 14th of October, 1651, the King was brought over the hills from Ovingdean, in Sussex, where he had been previously concealed at a Mr. Maunsell's; and lodged in secrecy at a small public house, in West-street, Brighton, now known by the sign of King Charles's Head. The King remained here till about five o'clock on the following morning, when he embarked in Tettersell's brig, was landed in France in the afternoon, and conveyed to Feschamp. Tettersell lies buried at Brighton, and the following inscription, which has been re-cut, is on a large slab of black marble, covering

a tomb near the entrance to the chancel, on the south side:—

P. M. S.

Capt. Nicholas Tettersell, through whose Prudence, Valour, and Loyalty, Charles the Second, King of England, after he had escaped the Swords of his merciless Rebels, and his Forces received a fatal overthrow at Worcester, Sept. 3rd, 1651, was faithfully preserved, and conveyed to France: departed this life the 26th day of July, 1674.

Within this marble monument doth lie
Approved Faith, Honor, and Loyalty;
In this cold clay Hx hath now ta'en up his station,
'At once preserved ye Church, the Crown, and Nation.
When Charles ye Greate was nothing but a Breath,
This valiant Soule stept betweene him and Death;
Usurper's threats, nor tyrant Rebell's froune,
Could not affright his duty to the Crowne;
Which glorious Act of his, for Church and State,
Eight Princes in one Day, did 'gratulate,
Professing all to Him in Debt to bee,
As all the World are to his Memory:
Since Earth could not reward the worth him given,
He now receives it from the King of Heaven.—
In the same Chest, one Jewell more you have,
The Partner of his Virtues, Bed and Grave.

Susannah, his wife, who deceased the 4th day of May, 1762, to whose pious memory, &c.

Richard Pendrell, one of the brothers, was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles in the Fields beneath a plain tomb, of which the annexed is a representation.

Upon the slab is the following:

Here lies
RICHARD PENDRELL,
Preserver and Conductor to his
Majesty King Charles the Second,
after his Escape from Worcester Fight in the Year
1651,
Who died Feb. 8th, 1671.

Hold, Passenger, here's shrouded in this Hearse,
Unparallel'd Pendrell through the Universe!
Like when the Eastern Star from Heaven gave light
To three Lost Kings, so he in such dark night,
To Briton's Monarch lost by adverse War,
On Earth appear'd a second Eastern Star,
A Pole astern in her rebellious main,
A Pilot to her Royal Sovereign came:
Now to triumph in Heaven's eternal sphere,
He is advanc'd for his just Steerage here,
Whilst Albion's Chronicle with matchless Fame,
Embalm the story of great Pendrell's Name!

This epitaph likewise appears on a scrap of paper, pasted into Bagford's "Collections" in the British Museum: from its bombastic style of composition, it would seem to have been written by the same hand that furnished the inscription upon Tettersell's tomb.

It was the custom on the 29th of May some years back, to decorate this tomb, and the statue of Charles II. in the Royal Exchange, with oak branches; but, we are not precisely informed at what period these loyal observances were discontinued.

Brand, in noticing the custom of wearing oak leaves and gilded apples on Restoration Day, remembers the boys at Newcastle-upon-Tyne having formerly a taunting rhyme on this occasion, with which they used to insult such persons as they met on this day, who had not oak-leaves in their hats:

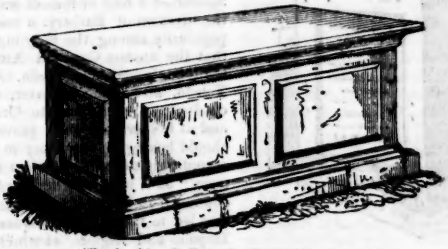
"Royal Oak,
The Whigs to provoke."

Brand also notes, that on May 29, 1716, two soldiers were whipped almost to death, and turned out of the service for wearing boughs in their hats on the above day.*

In Hertfordshire, we remember the custom to have prevailed about twenty-five years since, especially among boys and young persons, by whom the 29th of May was called "Shig-shag Day;" and, in our school of six score, it was customary for each boy to wear a small twig of oak in his hat or jacket; and should any youngster be unprovided with this symbol of loyalty, he was chased about the playground, and his schoolfellows twitched him on the face and hands with the oak, until he provided himself with the badge. There are persons who carry their party-spirit so far as to deprecate these puerilities; but we are not disposed to treat the matter so gravely. Neither is the decline of the custom any evidence of the decaying popularity of kingship; but must be attributed to the increasing distance of time from the event, that first gave rise to the observance.

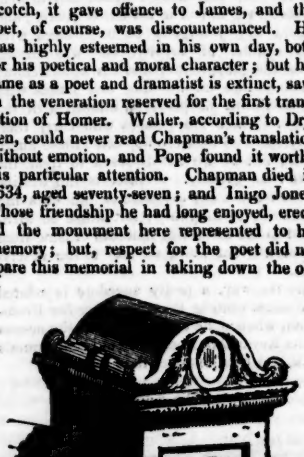
By the way, a pretty anecdote is related of Charles visiting Boscobel, after the Restoration, whence he carried some of the acorns of the Royal Oak, and set them in St. James's Park, and used to water them himself.

* Pop. Antiq. vol. i. p. 224—5.



(Tomb of Pendrell, in St. Giles's Churchyard.)

In St. Giles's church have also been interred the remains of many noble-minded and worthy men of note. In the first church, which was taken down in the year 1624, was buried George Chapman, one of the earliest English dramatic poets, and the first translator of the whole of the works of Homer. He was born in 1557, and having finished his education at Oxford, he came to London early in life, and soon made an acquaintance with Shakspeare, Spenser, Marlow, Jonson, Daniel, and other wits of that memorable era in our literary history. It does not appear that Chapman ever followed any profession; but, in 1595, when thirty-eight years of age, he commenced authorship. He must, however, have been long before employed on his Homer, as his translation of the seven first books of the Iliad appeared in the following year. During the reign of Elizabeth, he had received some notice at Court; for literature, in those days, had more of the sunshine of royal favour than it enjoys even in this age of over-rated improvement. But Chapman being concerned with Jonson and Marston in the comedy of "Eastward Hoe," which contained some satire on the Scotch, it gave offence to James, and the poet, of course, was discountenanced. He was highly esteemed in his own day, both for his poetical and moral character; but his fame as a poet and dramatist is extinct, save in the veneration reserved for the first translation of Homer. Waller, according to Dryden, could never read Chapman's translation without emotion, and Pope found it worthy his particular attention. Chapman died in 1634, aged seventy-seven; and Inigo Jones, whose friendship he had long enjoyed, erected the monument here represented to his memory; but, respect for the poet did not spare this memorial in taking down the old church, when the tomb was demolished. It bore a simple inscription, denoting the architect's homage to the genius of the poet.



(Tomb of Chapman.)

In the present church are interred the inflexible patriot, Andrew Marvell; the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury; and the celebrated politician and controversialist, Sir Roger L'Estrange, whose zeal in the fortunes of the Charleses must not be forgotten, though honest, humble Pendrell may have been the "friend in need." But, from L'Estrange originated newspapers in England, so that his memory should not be slighted.

The Public Journals.

THE TWO BARBAROSSAS.

(*From "The Barbary Corsairs," in the United Service Journal.*

In 1492, the Arabians having lost Granada, their last hold in Europe, the Moriscoes, or Spanish Moors, were compelled by Ferdinand and Isabella, to renounce their religion, or transport themselves to the coast of Africa. This impolitic and unjust expulsion of nearly a million of active subjects, left a great part of Granada, Murcia, and Andalusia, depopulated, and produced most prejudicial consequences to the commerce and industry of the whole kingdom, and also to Christianity in general; for the vanquished Moors, breathing inveterate rancour against the Spaniards and their faith, and fully bent upon revenge, settled on those parts of the coast, from whence they could best execute their purpose. The exiles then confederated with the Mahometan Princes of Barbary, and fitted out small squadrons of cruisers, which made depredations on their persecutors, and carried off great numbers of them to slavery. This created great consternation, as the exasperated Moriscoes were not only well acquainted with the bays and creeks, but also the accesses and recesses of the various holds on the Spanish shores; and it was more than suspected that they held correspondence with those of their brethren, who had embraced the alternative of remaining under the Catholic sceptre. To check these proceedings, Ferdinand assembled a fleet of men-of-war, in 1508, for the invasion of Barbary, a measure of such popularity among the fiery bigots of Spain, that the austere Cardinal Ximenes, though then confessor to Isabella, Archbishop of Toledo, and Prime Minister, volunteered to conduct an expedition to Oran in person, and at his own expense, provided the place should belong in perpetuity to his see. He accordingly raised a sufficient force, took the town "as if by a miracle," and triumphantly entered it in his pontifical robes. This success led to the further conquests of Bujeya, Tripoli, and Algiers, at which last place a strong fort was erected on the Jezeir, or rocky

inlet in its front, from which it derives its name. This was furnished with cannon, well supplied with necessaries, and garrisoned with 200 soldiers, under an experienced commander, to overawe the town, and a grievous thorn it proved in the side of Algiers for several years, as it utterly prevented the formation of a refuge for their vessels, and kept them constantly in fear of a cannonade.

In this distress, the African sovereign of Algiers, Selim-abn-Toumi, in 1516, incautiously besought the assistance of the terrible Aronje Rasis, better known as Barbarossa, an epithet which he acquired from the redness of his beard. This extraordinary man, the son of a Lesbian potter, was already renowned as a brave and skilful Corsair, or, as he styled himself, "the friend of the sea, and the foe of everybody else who ploughed it;" and from commencing with a little galiot, had now a fleet of twelve galleys, besides smaller vessels. But while occupied as a pirate, adopting the ideas and acquiring the talents of a conqueror, he aspired to something greater than the command of his rovers. From enriching the ports which he frequented, through the thoughtless prodigality of his seamen, in expending their booty, he became extremely popular, inasmuch, that in 1514 he had been elected Chief of Jejeli, a district between Bujeyah and the Sebba Rous. Thus situated, no invitation could have been more welcome to the active Corsair than that which he received from Abn-Toumi, for his newly-acquired realm brought him in but a scanty revenue, nor was he absolute. Committing the charge of the fleet to his brother Heyreddin, he forthwith marched at the head of 5,000 men to Algiers, where he was pompously received as their deliverer. Such a force gave him possession of the town. The ambitious conqueror, having perfidiously murdered the monarch, whom he came to assist, caused himself to be proclaimed king in his stead. He then proceeded to establish the authority which he had usurped, by arts suited to the genius of the people whom he had to govern; by unbounded liberality to those who favoured his elevation, and by cruelty as unbounded towards all whom he had any reason to distrust. Still it required all his judgment to preserve himself in his usurpation, even after he had detected and frustrated a formidable conspiracy formed against him and his haughty Turks, by the Arabs and Algerines.

In 1517, a Spanish fleet arrived before Algiers, which had been fitted out by Cardinal Ximenes, to restore the son of the murdered Selim-abn-Toumi to the throne.* It consisted chiefly of galleys, but had likewise some men-of-war, and a number of transports, in which upwards of 10,000 troops were embarked. The Spanish Admiral, Don Diego de Vera, having landed about 7,000 of his men, was vigorously assaulted by Barbarossa, in which encounter the greatest part of the Christians were either slain or taken; and to complete the calamity, before those who might otherwise have escaped could recover the ships, a furious tempest arose, by which many vessels were driven ashore and stranded, to the almost total destruction of the whole armada. This stroke of good fortune greatly enhanced the credit of the resolute Corsair, and finally established him in his station.

Thus secured, Barbarossa turned his views to further conquest, laid siege to Tennez, made himself master of it, and was acknowledged as sovereign. He then attacked the neighbouring king of Tremizan, vanquished him in battle, and added his dominions to those of Algiers. At the same time he continued his predatory excursions along the shores of Spain and Italy, and the depredations which his galleys committed carried terror over the whole Mediterranean sea. Charles V. had now commenced his reign, one of whose first acts was to furnish the Marquis de Gomarez, Governor of Oran, with a reinforcement of 10,000 tried soldiers to wage war with the Corsair. The Spaniards, aided by the dethroned sovereign of Tremezan, executed their commission with such success, that Barbarossa was soon shut up in the citadel of that place. After defending it to the last extremity, he was reduced to the necessity of making his escape during a dark night, by mounting 1,500 of his Turks on such horses as he had provided, and stealing through a postern with his booty and treasures. But he had scarcely left the place when the Marquis got news of his flight, and made after him with such celerity, that at daybreak the following morning they were in sight of each other. In this extremity Barbarossa scattered his jewels, plate, and treasure along the road, hoping thereby to delay the pursuit; but the stratagem failed, since the Spaniards had the good sense to resist the bait. At length the Marquis overtook the Turkish rear-guard on the banks of the Huexda, and fell upon them with great vigour. Barbarossa, with many of the foremost, had already crossed the river; but seeing so many of his adherents in jeopardy, he generously repassed it, formed his followers,

* Of the unfortunate Selim's family, very little is known. Yet Mons. Laugier de Tassy gives, as authentic, a detailed account of the romantic passion which Barbarossa conceived for Zephira, the beautiful widow of the murdered prince,—how he made red-hot love to her,—how she scornfully rejected him,—how he addressed letters to her as "the transcendent image of the sun,"—how she, albeit a mere Arab woman, wrote set replies, and called him names,—with many other things "of that sort," every one of which bears internal evidence of untruth. This absurd story probably urged Dr. Brown to compose his tragedy of Barbarossa, wherein he has given the ambitious Corsair such a blustering, swearing, passion-tearing character to support, that it is one of the severest lung-triers of our stage.

gained a slight eminence near them, and held his pursuers at bay. After a desperate conflict, in which, although he had but one arm, the pirate "fought to the very last gasp, like a lion," he was slain, with most of his men, in the forty-fourth year of his age, A. D. 1518.

Khairruddin, or, as it is usually written, Heyreddin, the brother of the fallen chief, known likewise by the name of Barbarossa, was unanimously elected to succeed him; and the choice fell upon one who soon proved himself not at all inferior to his gallant predecessor in spirit or merit — but he was, withal, of greater cruelty. At the first general consultation which he called, the danger of their party from the advance of the Spaniards, and the probable disaffection of the native Algerines, who bore their yoke with impatience, were discussed; and it was carried by a great majority, that they should instantly embark, with all their effects, on board the fleet, and abandon that place which they deemed it impracticable to maintain. Their new king was of the same mind, and was about to make off, when he was dissuaded by some of the more resolute corsairs, who pleaded the necessity of first waiting for intelligence of the enemy's motions. This saved their power: for in the meantime Gomarez withdrew to Oran, and the general apprehension subsided.

Heyreddin now directed his abilities towards the establishment of his authority. He regulated, with admirable prudence, the interior police of his kingdom, carried on his naval operations with great energy, and extended his conquests on the continent of Africa. For his greater security he despatched a trusty kaiah to Constantinople with rich presents, to place his dominions under the protection of the Sublime Porte. This mission was most favourably received: the Grand Signior sent him a body of Turkish soldiers sufficient for his defence against domestic as well as foreign enemies; and, as a further token of favour, special leave was granted, by public proclamation throughout the Ottoman empire, that whoever was disposed to enter into the Algerine service should be put upon immediate pay, and enjoy all the privileges and immunities granted to Janissaries. This was the foundation of that system of oppressive government, which continued from the beginning of 1519, to our own times. The Porte was for a long time punctual in annually sending over recruits. Great numbers of Turks, who were either malefactors or in desperate circumstances, or on any other account uneasy at home, resorted thither from the Levant; and thus they became capable of opposing the Christians, and entirely suppressing the authority of the Moors and Arabs.

The Spaniards witnessing these transactions with pain and jealousy, made another attempt to dislodge the Turks from Algiers. In the summer of 1519, a fleet of thirty men-of-war, eight galleys, and a number of transports filled with soldiers, under Admiral Moncada, entered the bay, and so alarmed the town, that many of its inhabitants fled, while the rest secreted their treasures. This expedition was doomed to misfortune, for a sudden gale arose from the north-east, a wind which always sends in a prodigious swell. Many of their ships perished, together with their crews, and the rest were dispersed. This catastrophe left Heyreddin to pursue his schemes almost unshackled, and his unceasing activity occasioned inconceivable injury to his enemies; for notwithstanding his now being the sovereign of several states, he never forgot his vocation as a corsair, nor failed, once or oftener in a year, to sail on a cruise against such Christians as he could surprise, scouring the seas and coasts, and daily increasing in riches and power. His cruelty, however, seemed to increase with his success, and the brutal torments inflicted on those murdered in his presence are so revolting, as to destroy that homage which we feel inclined to render to his talents and address.

While Heyreddin thus made Spain tremble at his very name, and had not only a squadron of her royal galleys, but even her Capitana, or Admiral galley, in his possession, the little Spanish fort before-mentioned still continued to bridle him in his stronghold, and compelled him to beach his vessels with infinite toil, in a dangerous cove a mile to the westward of the town. He therefore now resolved to carry or demolish it. After several fruitless attempts he bethought himself of a stratagem. Two Moorish youths were directed to effect an escape to the fort, and crave admittance, under pretence of a desire of embracing the Christian tenets, but in reality to inform him of the state of the garrison. Don Martino de Vargas, the governor, immediately admitted them, and received them into his own family, where they were to be instructed previous to baptism. Easter-day falling soon after, while the garrison were attending high-mass, the strangers were observed by a female servant, to be making signals to the town. Suspecting mischief, she instantly broke in upon the service to acquaint her master, who, quitting his devotions, repaired to the spot, and seizing the lads in the very act, instantly hung them on the rampart at which their townsmen were then gazing. Heyreddin, fully persuaded that this severity was intended to mortify and insult him, furiously breathed revenge. But even in his anger, and while vowing the fortress to destruction, he observed the form of summoning it that very day, offering an honourable and advantageous capitulation on condition of immediate surrender, but death

ih case of obstinacy. To this the brave Don Martino, despising the menaces, made a bold and appropriate reply, which so exasperated the Turkish officers, that they swore by the Koran not to quit the siege till they had lost their lives or carried the rock. About this, for the Christians, inopportune moment, a large French ship had run ashore near Algiers, by which the Turks were enabled to *borrow* her heavy ordnance, and therewith animate a formidable battery which they had thrown up. On the 6th of May, 1530, a terrible fire was opened upon the devoted fort, and maintained night and day, upwards of a fortnight, without respite. Such was the fury of this incessant cannonade, that the walls and defences towards the land-front were almost beaten to dust, and the greatest part of the gallant garrison killed. Yet the undismayed residue, worthy of the best days of Spanish heroism, held out with determination: although there was not the slightest prospect of relief, nor a shadow of hope for saving a post which they knew to be of the highest importance to their country. At length, Heyreddin finding the Spaniards made but a faint resistance, concluded that they were reduced to the last extremity, and that therefore he might safely make the assault. Accordingly, on the sixteenth day of the attack, having embarked upwards of 1,200 of his best men on board stout vessels, they landed before sunrise under the breach, and entered with very little opposition. Don Martino, though his strength was nearly exhausted, was found defending a postern, and overpowered. Only fifty-three soldiers remained alive, who were wholly spent with fatigue; and as they had been exposed not only to the heavy fire from the cannons, but also to incessant showers of arrows and small shot, not one of those few survivors escaped unhurt; and Don Martino himself, with several others, were grievously wounded. In this state they were driven into slavery, and the Ottoman flag was hoisted on the smoking ruins amidst the rejoicing and wild acclamations of all Algiers.

The noble Don Martino was sent, by his ungenerous adversary, to the bagnio, wounded as he was, among the common slaves; they, however, treated the unfortunate commander with such tenderness and care, that he was soon pretty well recovered. Some months afterwards he was dragged before the haughty conqueror, who, after using many bitter and insulting epithets, worked himself into an ungovernable rage on witnessing his captive's imperturbable firmness, and inhumanly ordered him to be bastinadoed to death on the spot. This barbarous sentence was instantly put into execution; and the unhappy gentleman expired under that excruciating torture in the tyrant's presence.

This tragedy over, Heyreddin was at leisure to execute his plan of forming a commodious haven, by joining the islet to the town by means of an extensive mole; and no fewer than 30,000 Christian slaves being set to work, without interruption, it was finished in less than three years, and well fortified; and from thenceforward Algiers braved Christendom.*

CAMEL RIDING.

To understand the art of mounting and guiding a camel, a slight sketch of the animal may be necessary. The head is extremely small, and also the ears, with the most brilliant fiery eye; the tail is small and flat, with scarcely any hair; the back is curved upwards, with a hump on the centre, the top of which from the ground is about nine feet; the colour is generally fawn. When he is to be mounted or laden, he rests on his belly, with his feet under him, nature having supplied him with a large, hard lump, situated under his chest, for this purpose. When in this posture, a species of saddle made of wood, and nearly the length of the animal's back, with a division in the centre to allow space for the hump, which gives it the effect of two saddles, is well secured by ropes, and stuffed with some soft material. Stirrups are attached to the front saddle, which, when equipped, resembles a cavalry one, having holsters and being high in front; while the hump makes it so behind, the hind saddle may accommodate another person, commonly a servant, but, generally speaking, it is not occupied. Next come the reins, which are of rope, about the thickness of the little finger, and fastened to a small piece of wood thrust through the animal's nostrils, the bight of which should reach to his tail, so that the end may serve as a whip. The animal being now fully prepared for your reception, you are to mount as you would a horse, see yourself firmly placed in your saddle, then take the reins in the left hand, keeping them gently tight, and on the desire for the animal to rise, you are to hold well on, as his motions are three, and you may be thrown if not on your guard. On rising, he makes a small motion with his fore legs, then he raises the hind ones, and you are sitting at an angle of about 45 degrees, which will throw you off if not on your guard: you are then made horizontal, almost instantly, by the last motion of the fore legs, which puts the animal on his "all fours," with the rider on his back. The walk is slow, about two miles and a half the hour; but when you wish to trot, you speak as you would to a horse, and with a gentle pull of the reins, touch him over the neck with that part of the

* For an Engraving and Description of Algiers, see Mirror, xiv. p. 66; and for the details of the memorable siege by Charles V. immediately following the above events, see p. 382 of the same volume.

reins in the right hand, and he will then go off at the rate of six miles the hour, which he can keep up for forty or fifty miles. In order to find whether you have the motion of the animal, so as to insure ease on the saddle, the reins will always be gently tight, without motion; whereas, when the reins jerk and have an up-and-down motion, you and the animal are not in unison, and the rider must be uneasy. There is no rule for one's guidance, but any one with half a head will soon learn it by practice.—*United Service Journal.*

New Books.

BELFORD REGIS.*

(By Miss Mitford.)

[We continue, from page 351, our extracts, with a selection of anecdotic notes and touches, which are in the best and kindliest vein of the writer, and resemble so many cabinet pictures of country life and society.]

The Town.

It is now about forty years ago, since I, a damsel scarcely so high as the table on which I am writing, and somewhere about four years old, first became an inhabitant of Belford; and really I remember a great deal not worth remembering concerning the place, especially our own garden, and a certain dell on the Bristol road to which I used to resort for primroses. Then we went away; and my next recollections date some ten years afterwards, when my father again resided in the outskirts of the town during the time that he was building in the neighbourhood, and I used to pass my holidays there, and loved the place as a school-girl does love her home. And although we have kept up a visiting acquaintance, Belford and I, ever since, and I have watched its improvements of every kind with sincere interest and pleasure,—especially that most striking and yet most gradual change which has taken place amongst the great tradesmen, now so universally intelligent and cultivated,—yet these recollections of thirty years back, my personal experience of the far narrower and more limited society of the gentry of the place—the old ladies and their tea visits, the gentlemen and their whist club, and the merry Christmas parties, with their round games and their social suppers, their mirth and their jests;—recollections such as these, with the dear familiar faces and the pleasant associations of my girlish days, will prevail, do what I can, over the riper but less vivid impressions of a maturer age, and the more refined but less picturesque state of manners of the present race of inhabitants.

* Another name for "the pleasant town of Reading," as appears in an interesting notice of this work, in the Printing Machine, No. 50.

So far it seemed necessary to premise, lest these general sketches of country town society (for of individual portraiture I again assert my innocence) should exhibit Belford as a quarter of a century behind in the grand march of civilization: and I hereby certify, that whatever want of modern elegance or of modish luxury may be observed in these delineations, is to be ascribed, not to any such deficiency in the genteel circles of that "famous town," but to the peculiar tastes and old-fashioned predilections of the writer.

Butchers' Horses.

Few things in a country life are more remarkable than the wild, triumphant, reckless speed with which a butcher's boy sweeps along the streets, and roads, and lanes, whether mounted, or in a rumbling, jolting cart, no accident ever happening, although it seems inevitable that the young gentleman must either kill, or be killed, (perhaps both,) every day of his life. How the urchins manage, Heaven knows!—but they do contrive to get horses on in a manner that professed jockeys would envy, and with an appearance of ease to the animal, and an evident enjoyment in the rider, which produce sympathy rather than indignation in the lookers-on. It is seldom that an affair of plain, sober, serious business, (and the bringing us our dinner does certainly belong to the most serious business of life,) is transacted with such overflowing delight—such gay, gallant, inexpressible good humour.

The following anecdote (communicated by a friend) may serve to illustrate their peculiar dexterity in putting a steed on his mettle:—A gentleman of fortune, residing in Berkshire, who prides himself very highly on the superiority of his horses, was greatly struck by the trotting of a roadster, belonging to a butcher in his neighbourhood. The owner, however, refused to part with the animal, till an offer of seventy guineas proved irresistible, and the gentleman mounted his prize in high glee. To his utter astonishment, however, the brute could not be prevailed upon to exceed an ordinary amble. Whip and spur were tried in vain. For weeks he persevered in the hopeless attempt, and at last he went in despair to the butcher, rating him in good set terms for having practised an imposition. "Lord bless you, sir," said the knight of the cleaver; "he can trot as well as ever. Here, Tom," continued he, calling to his boy, "get on his back." The youngster was scarcely in the saddle, when off the pony shot like an arrow. "How the deuce is this?" inquired the astonished purchaser. "Why, he will trot just as fast with you," returned the butcher, chuckling, "*only you must carry the basket!*"

I need hardly add, that the gentleman, not being able to comply with the condition, was

forced to make the best bargain he could with the original proprietor of the steed.

Old Maids of Belford.

The good town of Belford swarmed, of course, with single ladies—especially with single ladies of that despised denomination which is commonly known by the title of old maids. For gentlewomen of that description, especially of the less affluent class, (and although such a thing may be found here and there, a rich old maid is much rarer than a poor one,) a provincial town in this protestant country, where nunneries are not, is the natural refuge. A village life, however humble the dwelling, is at once more expensive—since messengers and conveyances, men and horses, of some sort, are in the actual country indispensable,—and more melancholy, for there is a sense of loneliness and insignificance, a solitude within doors and without, which none but an unconnected and unprotected woman can thoroughly understand. And London, without family ties, or personal importance, or engrossing pursuit,—to be poor and elderly, idle and alone in London, is a climax of desolation which everybody can comprehend, because almost every one must, at some time or other, have felt in a greater or less degree the humbling sense of individual nothingness—of being but a drop of water in the ocean, a particle of sand by the sea-shore, which so often presses upon the mind amidst the bustling crowds and the splendid gaieties of the great city. To be rich or to be busy is the necessity of London.

The poor and the idle, on the other hand, get on best in a country town. Belford was the paradise of ill-jointured widows and portionless old maids. There they met on the table-land of gentility, passing their mornings in calls at each other's houses, and their evenings in small tea-parties, seasoned with a rubber or a pool, and garnished with the little quiet gossiping (call it not scandal, gentle reader!) which their habits required. So large a portion of the population consisted of single ladies, that it might almost have been called a maiden town. Indeed, a calculating Cantab, happening to be there for the long vacation, amused his leisure by taking a census of the female householders, beginning with the Mrs. Davisons—fine alert old ladies, between seventy and eighty, who, being proud of their sprightliness and vigour, were suspected of adding a few more years to their age than would be borne out by the register, —and ending with Miss Letitia Pierce, a damsel on the confines of forty, who was more than suspected of a slight falsification of dates the converse way. I think he made the sum total, in the three parishes, amount to one hundred and seventy-four.

The part of the town in which they chiefly congregated, the lady's *quartier*, was one hilly corner of the parish of St. Nicholas, a sort of highland district, all made up of short rows, and pigmy places, and half-finished crescents, entirely uncontaminated by the vulgarity of shops, ill-paved, worse lighted, and so placed that it seemed to catch all the smoke of the more thickly inhabited part of the town, and was constantly encircled by a wreath of vapour, like Snowdon or Skiddaw.

Why the good ladies chose this elevated and inconvenient position, one can hardly tell; perhaps because it was cheap, perhaps because it was genteel—perhaps from a mixture of both causes; I can only answer for the fact; and of this favourite spot the most favoured portion was a slender line of houses, tall and slim, known by the name of Warwick-terrace, consisting of a tolerably spacious dwelling at either end, and four smaller tenements linked two by two in the centre.

The tenants of Warwick-terrace were, with one solitary exception, exclusively female. One of the end houses was occupied by a comfortable-looking, very round Miss Blackall, a spinster of fifty, the richest and the simplest of the row, with her parrot, who had certainly more words, and nearly as many ideas, as his mistress: her black footman, whose fine livery, white turned up with scarlet, and glittering with silver lace, seemed rather ashamed of his "sober-suited" neighbours; the plush waistcoat and inexpressibles blushing as if in scorn. The other corner was filled by Mrs. Leeson, a kind-hearted bustling dame, the great ends of whose existence were visiting and cards, who had probably made more morning calls and played a greater number of rubbers than any woman in Belford, and who boasted a tabby cat, and a head maid called Nanny, that formed a proper pendent to the parrot and Cæsar. Of the four centre habitations, one pair was the residence of Miss Savage, who bore the formidable reputation of a sensible woman—an accusation which rested probably on no worse foundation than a gruff voice and something of a vinegar aspect,—and of Miss Steele, who, poor thing! underwent a still worse calumny, and was called literary, simply because forty years ago she had made a grand poetical collection, consisting of divers manuscript volumes, written in an upright taper hand, and filled with such choice morceaus as Mrs. Greville's "Ode to Indifference;" Miss Seward's "Monody on Major André," sundry translations of Metastasio's "Nice," and a considerable collection of Enigmas, on which stock, undiminished and unincreased, she still traded; whilst the last brace of houses, linked together like the Siamese twins, were divided between two families, the three Miss Lockes,—whom no one ever dreamt of talking of as separate or individual personages—one should as soon have thought of severing the Graces, or the

Furies, or the Fates, or any other classical trio, as of knowing them apart: the three Miss Lockes lived in one of these houses, and Mrs. Harwood and her two daughters in the other.

The Gatherer.

Barrington, (the Pickpocket,) and Mrs. Siddons.—One York assizes, after the auditors had left the theatre, Mrs. Siddons, who had only to go from thence to the Black Swan in Coney-street, was waiting with her female friend at the stage-door for Mr. Siddons to escort them home. A gentleman of elegant appearance was waiting opposite the house, and observing Mrs. Siddons, crossed over, and addressing her by name, said, he feared she might be endangered by the cold, and begged her to excuse him for requesting to forget he was a stranger, and with her friend accept his escort to her lodgings. Mrs. Siddons was a woman of too good principles to have any affectations: she accepted the arm of the stranger, and as she was going homewards remarked, that what made her more timorous was the fact of hearing that Barrington, the pickpocket, was in the town. The gentleman saw Mrs. Siddons and friend to her door, and putting the latter in first, detained Mrs. Siddons one second whilst she begged to know his name at least, as he positively refused to walk in. "My dear madam," he said, "pray be under no apprehension wherever you are about Barrington; he will never injure you; good night, madam—I am Barrington." He bowed, and was out of sight in a moment. He went wherever Mrs. Siddons was engaged as a star; the crowds attracted by her acting favouring his depredations, which were always committed upon those he sat next in the box. He was ultimately taken at Newcastle theatre whilst Mrs. Siddons was acting, and identified by Mr. Stephen Kemble the then manager; he that night robbed a Catholic priest of a gold watch. This was his last essay, he then

"Left his country for his country's good."

—*New Monthly Magazine.*

An alarming Patron.—Notwithstanding the prohibition of the Koran against paintings and images, the Sultan Mohammed II. had a fancy for the arts, and sent to invite Gentil Bellini, a Venetian painter to his court. Soon after his arrival at Constantinople, Bellini was directed to paint a picture on the subject of the beheading of John the Baptist. When the picture was finished, the Sultan found fault with the representation of the wounded part; and to show him that his taste was correct, he immediately drew his scimitar, and struck off the head of one of his slaves. Bellini, on leaving the presence, thinking he had got hold of "an ugly customer," set sail for Venice the same evening.

A poor actor, at Norwich, personating Grainger in the farce of "Who's the Dupe?" on his benefit night, which turned out a very wet evening, and occasioned a bad house, in reply to Gradus's Greek quotation, where old Doily sits as umpire, began thus:—"O rainò nighto! spoilo benefito quito." G. H.

Niagara.—A recent letter from New York announces the fall of the Table Rock, at the falls of Niagara. This immense mass of stone was on the Canada side of the river, projecting so as to afford the spectator a front view of the horseshoe fall. It was considerably undermined, and some fissures on the surface had for some time past indicated the disruption. A large mass was detached two or three years back. By the total fall of the Table Rock the visiter is now deprived of the most favourable position for viewing the magnificent appearance presented by that stupendous fall of waters.

There is nothing haughty in the Americans; and wherever you meet them, they appear to be quite at home. This is exactly what it ought to be, and very much in favour of the foreigner who journeys among them. The immense number of highly polished females who go in the stages to visit the different places of amusement, and see the stupendous natural curiosities of this extensive country, incontestably proves that safety and convenience are insured to them, and that the most distant attempt at rudeness would, by common consent, be immediately put down.—*Waterton.*

Curious Registers.—In the register of Nunney, Somerset:—

"Roger Starr, baptized December 17, 1604. He climbed up a ladder to the top of the house, 23rd of October, 1606, being seven weeks and odd days less than two years old."

At Beckenham, Kent:—"Anne Isted, a child, killed by the careless discharge of a pistol, at the distance of 337 yards."

From sundry registers of burials:—

"1562. Ther was buryed, Pnell Starly, a symple wenche."

"1568. There was buryed Alyce, the wife of (a naughtie fellow, whose name is) Matthew Manne."

"1586. Maude, the childe of a roague."

"1635. A stranger, choaked while he wished the same."

"1709. Ann, daughter of James Colling, who was eighteen years of age and never chewed bread; of stature not above a three years' old child; the thickest part of her arms and legs not exceeding the thickness of a man's thumb."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London. Sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.